









# Puritana

**99 44/100 PURE**

At all grocery stores two sizes of Ivory soap are sold; one that costs five cents a cake, and a larger size. The larger cake is the more economical and economical for laundry and general household use. If your Grocer is out of it, insist on his getting it for you.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CHICAGO.

**Woman's Department.**

**FARM LIFE.**

By Mary R. Woodward, before Webster, Conn. (Grange).

Those who read the *Century Magazine* will recall an article giving the results of observations made 10 years ago, of life in what is called "The Gray New England cabin." This article is only one of several that have appeared in different publications, all keyed to the same mournful pitch, regarding the decadence and unprogressive agriculture and the degeneracy of its rural life. While we are not disposed to question the accuracy of these observations made so long ago, we are not taxing our credulity to ask us to believe they are true in their entirety today.

In the general advancement of the world New England has not been standing still, and if progress has not been revolutionary, there has been a steady normal evolution in both the life and the thought of the people. Rural New England has made marked progress within the past decade. Farmers have learned the elementary principles at least, of scientific agriculture, and farming is no longer land skinning but land culture. The same principle that he applies to the product of his farm, the farmer is learning to apply to his life in general, that is broader and deeper culture. Furthermore, two factors have of late entered into the problems of rural life, that have direct bearing upon their solution; one is the agricultural college and the other of Patrons of Husbandry. Until two institutions came into existence, our educational influences all tended to lead our boys and girls away from the farms, and this tendency was further strengthened by the press, the pulpit, and the literature of the day, all leading, leading to and centering in the life of the town or city. The influence of the agricultural college depended upon the future for its best results; it could educate the boys and girls of the farm, but there were two other generations back of these, with a longer line of hereditary and traditional influences to overcome.

To meet these conditions the Grange was organized, and while it has existed for more than a quarter of a century, it has only within the past few years come to be a palpable influence in New England. Under its stimulus, quickened into forces have applied scientific methods, and New England agriculture is developing unimagined possibilities. The "black and barren" hillsides are producing not only the crops of other farms in increasing ratio, but food supplies they rarely or never tasted in the abundance, and variety of fruits and vegetables, that take away from the farmer's table the reproach of scanty and unwholesome fare. But the Grange has not only promoted a more progressive agriculture, and thus made possible more of the comforts and refinements of life, but has brought the scattered families together in more frequent social intercourse that broadens rural life, and counteracts the baneful influence of anomalous isolation from the rest of the world.

As a larger life becomes possible, the farmer is learning to increase the comforts and attractions of his home, and as a result of improved surroundings there is scarcely a farming community so retired that it is not included—I had almost said infested—by the summer boarder, bringing the life of the town into closer touch with the country, to the manifest benefit of both. Wall Street and Fifth Avenue are interested in our "worn out" farms, and young men and women are turning their backs on Kansas and Idaho to settle down on New England soil. It has too long been a fashionable "fad" to mourn the decadence of New England and abandon farms, and it is time they said the weeds of mourning, and turned our sympathies to the mortgaged and abandoned West, where abandoned claims outnumber our own, and where the economic depression has depths New England has never known.

It is asserted that the church is being deserted by the farmer. Country clergy have been repeatedly testified to the decadence of a Grange in the community, and many a Christian endeavor society feels the benefit of having members who have been trained to think and act in the Grange hall.

Best aside from this, the farmer no longer finds all his spiritual and intellectual needs supplied by the pulpit, and he no longer keeps his religion for exclusive Sunday use, to be put off and on for the week-end. If he has any use for it, he finds it in the week as on Sunday.

There is another disturbing factor in the life of our literary Jeremiahs, but if we must have the foreigner in our land, let not better to scatter him over the country and let him expend his energies in digging out the rocks, rather than penning up in cities where amid unwholesome surroundings he is likely to develop into an anarchistic or socialistic crank. However, if we make proper provision for educating the paupers and criminals, and then educate the remainder in American principles, why need we fear our souls with the problem of the French Canadian or the Irish emigrant. The old lady said, "If it had not been for Columbus we would all be foreigners."

In the magazine article above referred to a doleful picture is drawn of the unmarriageable women in New England, and a no less doleful remedy is suggested.

There are two things we should never worry about: That which we can help, and that which we cannot help.

Clear, black coffee diluted with water and containing a little ammonia will clean and restore black clothes.

In washing grained woodwork use clear water or weak cold tea.

Turn woodenware, not in use, bottom side up.

Leave ham, tongue and tripe to get cold in the water in which they were boiled. They will be much nicer than if taken out and allowed to get cold on a dish.

If the oven is too hot place a basin of cold water in it and the temperature will soon be lowered without injuring the article baking.

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## A KANSAS TOWN THAT IS RULED BY WOMEN OFFICIALS.

Gastronomic Color Symphonies—Mrs. Stowe at Eighty-five—Fashionable Discomfort. Shirt Waists and Parasols—Seasonable Hints.

The little city of Ellis is enjoying some notoriety just now from the fact that all but one of its officers are women. Ellis is situated a little west of the center of Kansas and has a population of about 1,200.

The majority of its citizens are composed of railroad men and their families. The people are largely of eastern birth, the town being originally settled by a colony from the neighborhood of Syracuse. The town is well supplied with churches and schools, and its citizens will compare favorably in point of education with those of any town in the country.

Ever since the prohibitory law went into effect in Kansas spasmodic efforts have been made in Ellis to enforce it, but with indifferent success, the saloons always opening up again after the flurry was over. During the past year the liquor element has had its own way more than formerly, and its boldness served to encourage the gambling element as well.

This state of affairs naturally woke up the conservative people, who, while not out and out temperance men, still desired to see the laws enforced, and it became apparent that if something was not done the gambling element would literally own the town. As election day drew near an effort was made to select a ticket that would enforce the laws to the letter, but after a canvass it was found that no one was willing to run.

Finally a caucus of men was held and after a thorough discussion of the situation, the suggestion was made that seeing it was impossible to secure men with sufficient backbone, a ticket composed of women be nominated. The idea took at once and the following ticket was arranged: Mayor, Mrs. M. A.

**She Burned Those Letters.**

Miss Elizabeth Banks, the American woman reporter who created a sensation in England a year or so ago by posing as an American heiress in search of a titled husband, recently had an interesting midnight holocaust. When her article was published, she received offers of large sums for the return of some of the letters fortune hunting noblemen had written her. She sent them back without taking any reward. Others have sent back through friends who came to interfere. But the bulk of the letters remained in her desk. The responsibility of possessing them preyed upon her mind so heavily that, finally, one night she got up and made a bonfire of them.—Exchange.

**Want Women Appointed.**

The matter of appointing women on the board of education in Brooklyn has received the endorsement of a number of the women's clubs in that part of our greater New York, says a New York paper. Several women are already taking of for the places if Mayor Wurst decides there are to be any. Among them is a well known newspaper woman, a member of the staff of one of the Brooklyn papers, who is especially interested in educational matters, and whose appointment is favorably regarded by those who believe a business woman would do good service in such a position. The matter will not be settled until July 1.

**Boston Brown Bread.**

Four large cupsful of sifted Indian meal, 2 cupsful coarse flour, either wheat or rye, a tablespoonful salt, a teaspoonful molasses and enough boiling water to make as thick as griddle cake batter. Add half a teaspoonful of yeast when nearly cold and put in an iron baking dish covered tightly. Set in a warm place until it cracks over the top, which should be wetted before it is set to rise. Bake 5 or 6 hours in a moderate oven which will not burn the crust to a cinder.

**Orange Sponges.**

Take a pint of orange juice, sugar to taste, half an ounce of gelatine in a little water, and add the juice and sugar with which two oranges have been rasped. Place over the fire and stir until melted, then cool, beat in the whites of the eggs, and mold. Turn out and garnish with a fresh orange in sections, or a preserved one in slices.

**Jumbles.**

Two cups sugar, half cup butter, half cup sour cream, half teaspoon soda, two eggs, and flour enough for the dough to be easily rolled out. Flavor very highly with nutmeg.

To make a good solution for cleaning brass or silver, take one quart of rain water, add two ounces of ammonia and three ounces of precipitated chalk; bottle and keep well corked, thoroughly shaking the mixture before using. After cleaning the silver with this solution, wash in hot, soapy water, and rinse in clean, hot water.

Said the bowl in which the butter and sugar are to be creamed for cake. The hot dish heats the butter so that it will blend more readily with the sugar. To prevent the cake from sticking to the tins while baking, grease the tins thoroughly, and dust in a little flour before pouring in the batter.

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viragos, as commonly depicted in the comic papers, but are women with families who are prominent in church and society circles, and whose sole idea in taking office is to see that the laws are enforced and demonstrate to the world that women have ability to conduct affairs of state as well as men. Kansas is nothing if not radical, and in no state in the Union is women more thought of, or given more encouragement to spread her wings than in the Sunflower State.—Ellis (Kan.) Cor. New York Journal.

**Gastronomic Color Symphonies.**

How to color things without poisoning the guests is something of a puzzle to the ambitious housewife who wants to raise her feast above the commonplace. The cleverest hostess is the one who gives a "shaded" dinner—the menu and decorations shaded, say, from pale pink to dark red. Commence with a pink soup and finish with a red dessert, deeply, beautifully red, the flowers deepening from the loveliest of blush roses to the crimson of the jaequemont. Carmine or cherry red or cochineal tincture, or the former with a judicious blending of apricot coloring, will produce any and every shade of red or pink desired, and as both are harmless and tasteless they can be used without fear. Aspic jelly is the most accommodating bit of edible, for it easily takes on every color in a rainbow—if properly treated—and may appear several times in the course of the meal without exciting either surprise or remark, and first pink to garnish pink dish, later red to decorate a red dish.

For this red dinner the mayonnaise is colored with a tablespoonful or two of currant jelly or a little carmine. The sweetbreads may be smothered in a pure red haricots. Beets, cut in small dice, may be used to garnish aspic dish. Cherry sauce for the lamb is made of cherries boiled in claret and water. Strawberry jam lends a willing hand in the color scheme, and aspic jelly, as before mentioned, colored either red or pink, serves many a purpose. Cream for the meringues must be colored red with the carmine, and the cases for the ices must be red—red crape paper, perhaps shaded like a rose. Apricot coloring and saffron will tint anything yellow, and damson blue which can be bought at the shop—with a little carmine, will make mauve. Lemon jelly and ice cream are easily tinted mauve or yellow.

Chopped green aspic is the very backbone of a green dinner. Color the aspic with a few drops of spinach juice or apple green. Chopped parsley is also an inevitable aid, and green paper cases and the handles of dishes tied with green ribbons do the rest. The sauces, meringues or ices are colored with the spinach juice, and some of the entrees may repose upon spinach.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Mrs. Stowe at Eighty-five.**

Writing of "Harriet Beecher Stowe at Eighty-five," Richard Burton, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, gives a delightful picture of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of her home in Hartford, and of her daily life. "For some years now," he says, "entirely withdrawn from society, Mrs. Stowe is much affected in the open air, her strength, for one of her years, being remarkable. In the summer time she is always seen walking with her white hair crowning the dark, wrinkled face, a familiar sight to the neighbors, as she wanders under the boughs, gathering consolation from sun and shade and wind, or strays down the steep bank to where a little silver stream winds its tortuous length behind the Clemens and Warner grounds. On such walks a trusty attendant is always by her side. It is likely that Mrs. Stowe's fondness for exercise and outdoor life has done much to sustain her bodily vigor to her present age. But she comes of a sturdy stock.

"Mrs. Stowe's working days have been long over. None of her conspicuous literary productions is associated with her present residence, and her condition requires that she be carefully guarded in every way by her family from the intrusion of strangers. Yet as she walks the street, always followed by a fat little pug, who is an autocrat in the house (it may be remarked that the Stowe family is devoted to dogs), one often sees lion hunting visitors eager to catch a glimpse of the most noted literary woman of the land. Requests for the door for a sight of the mistress are not infrequent, while letters petitioning for autographs are, of course, legion. Occasionally still the latter favor is granted, or the authoress pens a bit of a note in acknowledgment of some courtesy.

"Her modest way of living implies the fact that the rewards of distinguished success in literature are other than monetary. Such success is not to be measured by tangible things. The aims and ambitions of those who seek to do work with the pen worthy to live, and helpful to their fellowmen, are not those of mere practical pursuits. How can be estimated in dollars the deep moral glow of satisfaction experienced by Mrs. Stowe on the day when the emancipation proclamation was given to the world?"

**Fashionable Discomfort.**

A little group of women chatting over the various fads, fallacies and follies of the present day indulged in some very just and sensible criticisms on the dress and taste of modern womanhood.

"If there is one thing for which I shall be devoutly thankful," said one of them, "it will be when these wide

receptions, weddings, etc., says a New York writer, have short, smart looking jacket bodices of black silk or satin, brocaded in fine brilliant designs—roses, carnations, calla lilies, etc.—and with full vests and wide revers of one color veiled with accordion plaited black chiffon, the brilliant shade of the satin showing handsomely through the airy plaitings. The coats are all short, and the circular basque stands out crisp and full below the waist and is lined with satin the color of the vest.

**Alice Freeman Palmer.**

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-president of Wellesley college, is now in Venice. She has accepted the invitation of the American Missionary association to be one of the speakers at the jubilee of the association in Boston next October. Her subject will be "Educational Equipment For Missionary Service." In her letter of acceptance she expresses herself as much interested in all the work that the association is doing.

**Mary Turner Carriel.**

Mrs. Mary Turner Carriel has been nominated by the state Republican convention of Illinois as a trustee of the State university. Mrs. Carriel believes that women should be allowed to vote on "educational and moral questions," but is not in favor of full suffrage.

**Young Folks' Column.**

**A CAT CLIMBS A CHURCH STEEPLE.**

One beautiful summer evening the avenues were thronged with people on their way to church. At a corner several persons were standing gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was blocked. Soon the windows along the street were thronged, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood.

And what do you think they were? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornamental, near the top of the tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. "How did it get there?" was the first question every one asked, and "How will it get down?" was the next.

The poor thing was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for aid. Once it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws found on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a little window some distance above the place where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder reached the window. The boys were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple.

Pussy watched it intently as it slowly came nearer and nearer. When it was within reach, she carefully put out one paw, and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then with a violent effort flung herself over the side into the bottom of the basket. She was safely drawn to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below.

Not even a grain of salt is wanting to emphasize and make perfect the flavor of

**NONE SUCH**

**MINCE MEAT.**

Pure, wholesome,—an economical luxury. Sold everywhere. Take no substitute. Best name and address for booklet. See Public's Thanksgiving.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

skirts out of style. I am so tired of having yards and yards of stuff flapping around my ankles that I could almost find it in my heart to adopt bloomers or indeed anything else that would keep these voluminous draperies out of my way. I am fond of walking, but I have been obliged to give it up when I wore my good dresses. The only pleasure I have found in any pedestrian tour for a long time has been when putting on an old skirt and mackintosh on a rainy day. Especially if the wind blows, getting about is almost impossible.

"And I narrowly escaped a serious accident," said another of the party, "simply because the wind caught my dress and wrapped it around me until I was done up as tight as a paper parcel. I was on a crosswalk, and but for a policeman I would have been run down by a truck, for I could not take a step until he turned me around and released me from my imprisonment."

"And I had an experience, too," put in another. "I was out with a woollen dress, and it got wet. The lining was wet also, and with that enormous bulk of cloth the amount of weight I had to carry was a caution. I think the skirt must have weighed 15 pounds by the time I got home. It is bad enough to walk in trim fitting skirts when they are wet, but the amount of moisture that a six yard skirt can absorb is something astonishing."

There are indications that fashion will take a reef in skirts and relieve us of some of this superfluous weight, and surely the reduction will be a most welcome one to all women who are fond of out of door exercise.—New York Ledger.

**What the Bridesmaids Wore.**

At a recent fashionable wedding the eight bridesmaids wore gowns of white chiffon made up over satin. The satin skirts were edged, each of them, with a frill of the same, and the bodices had fichus and what are called ruffled sleeves of the same. These sleeves wrinkled from wrist to elbow and looking a good deal like an elongated Bernhard glove. White satin sashes were worn with the gowns, and red velvet cloaks or short capes lined with white satin were slung from the shoulders. Completing the toilettes were unusually large white felt picture hats, with ostrich feathers falling over the brim and another standing straight up with a rosette of scarlet velvet in front. At another wedding the four bridesmaids wore costumes copied from one of Romney's pictures, two being in blue and two in pink pompadour silk and tulle, trimmed with soft cream lace and mousseline. White chip hats trimmed with pink and white tulle and pink moss roses completed these effective and picturesque toilettes.—New York Times.

**Handsome Toilettes.**

Very handsome toilettes for afternoon receptions, weddings, etc., says a New York writer, have short, smart looking jacket bodices of black silk or satin, brocaded in fine brilliant designs—roses, carnations, calla lilies, etc.—and with full vests and wide revers of one color veiled with accordion plaited black chiffon, the brilliant shade of the satin showing handsomely through the airy plaitings. The coats are all short, and the circular basque stands out crisp and full below the waist and is lined with satin the color of the vest.

**The Fairies' Trolley.**

The fairies laugh at mortals' folly for boasting of their wondrous trolley. For they were first, I think it well, to run a line from hell to death.

The spider spins, of course, the wire; The freckles make the sparks of fire; The line is hung from tree to tree, And the motorman is a bumblebee.

**The Best He Could Do.**

"William," said the teacher, "how do you spell 'sawbuck'?" Go to the blackboard and write it."

William went to the board, scratched his head, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, wrinkled his forehead and at last produced this diagram, X—X.

"That's the way it looks anyhow," he said.—Chicago Tribune.

**What Mamma Feared.**

Little Dot—My new doll has a dreadful dirty face.

Little Dick—Why don't you wash it? Little Dot—Mamma won't let me. She's afraid I'll get soap in her eyes.—Exchange.

Virginians are nicknamed Beedles, from a colonial functionary.

Baby May is only three years old, and being the only child in the house, she looks upon herself as a very important little person.

But she loves little children dearly. One day Ned and Allie came to see her. She received them with open arms and sweet kisses.

Allie returned that, but Ned, mindful of his mature age of five years, pushed her aside.

Instantly May's little form was drawn to its full height. She looked at Ned with great astonishment and indignation.

"Land sakes!" she cried in defiant wonder. "Push me! L-a-n-d strakes!"

ELLA H. STRATTON.

## TWO SMALL TRAVELERS.

A Little Boy and Girl Make the Trip From Liverpool to Ohio Alone.

The arrival of two little tots who had traveled upward of 3,000 miles alone attracted great attention when the passengers from the American liner Rhyndland were being landed at Washington avenue wharf. Though strangers when first put on board the ship, the children became the greatest friends and came ashore together. One is John C. Gough, a bright little English chap, not quite 7, while the other is Mabel Blancy, aged 8 years. Mabel has a tag sewed to her dress, upon which is written, "My name is Mabel Blancy, and I am going to my mother, Elizabeth Blancy, nee No. 408 West Fifth street, Cincinnati."

Little Gough has two tags sewed on the inside of his coat and one on the

outside, upon which is inscribed his uncle's name and residence in Hammondsville, O. Perfectly complacent, these two children strolled along the wharf, and when it came their turn to go through the examination they answered the questions put by the immigrant commissioners with a far greater degree of intelligence than many of the adults. Both children were put on board the Rhyndland in Liverpool by their relatives. They gave little or no trouble during the passage across. The officers of the ship say that they never seemed to become homesick, neither did they suffer in the least from seasickness.

Mabel Blancy is a well clad, bright little thing and explained to the commissioners that she had been put on board the Rhyndland by her aunt and was going to join her mother in Cincinnati. She had a prepaid ticket and was put safely on board the train by Mrs. Kane, who looks after the women passengers for the immigrant commissioners.

John Gough, in the most old fashioned manner, sat on his trunk in the immigrant station yesterday counting his money and putting his railroad ticket away in his purse. "I am going to Uncle Stephen in Ohio to learn to be a rich man," he said when questioned. He, too, was put safely on board the train for his destination.—Philadelphia Press.

**Be Polite.**

School children are most apt to be guilty of a certain breach of street etiquette. This is the forming of a group on the pavement so that the knot of people interfere with passersby or the walking together three or four abreast, so that the same hindrance is presented. Please try to remember that while the street is meant for you as much as for any one else it is meant for any one else as much as for you.—New York Times.

**Johnny's First Attempt.**

Johnny was about to repeat his first verse at the Sunday school concert. Of course it must be short and simple words, so his mother selected this for him, "I am the light of the world," repeating it to him a number of times until he was sure of it. The evening of the concert came. Johnny came out, made his most approved bow, and proclaimed in a loud voice, "My mother is the light of the world."—Congregationalist.

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ELLA H. STRATTON.

Dear Boys and Girls: Kate Lewis has asked for the song entitled "The Fatal Wedding," and I send it:

The wedding bells were ringing  
One moonlight winter's night,  
The church was decorated,  
All within was gay and bright.

A mother with her baby came,  
And saw the lights aglow,  
She thought of how those same bells  
Chimed for her three years ago.

"O, can't I be admitted?"  
She begged the sexton said,  
"Just for the sake of baby,  
To protect him from the cold?"

He told her that the wedding there  
Was for the rich and grand,  
And with the eager, waiting crowd  
Outside, she'd have to stand.

**CHORES.**

The wedding bells are ringing,  
The bride and groom are here,  
Marching up the aisle together  
To the organ peal an air—  
Telling tales of fond affection,  
Yowing nevermore to part,  
Just another broken heart.

Again she begged the sexton old  
To let her pass inside:  
"My moonlight winter's night,  
The gray-haired man replied.

"Has any one here reasons  
Why this couple should not wed?  
Speak now or hold your peace forever,"  
Soon the preacher said.

"I must object," the woman cried,  
In voice so meek and mild,  
The bridegroom is my husband, sir,  
And this our little child is his."

The parents of the bride then took  
The outcast by the arm,  
"We will care for you through life," they  
Said.

"You've saved our child from harm."

The parents, bride and outcast wife,  
They quickly drove away:  
The father died by one hand  
Before the break of day.

No wedding feast was spread that night,  
No graves were made next day,  
One for the little bride,  
And in one the father lay.

This story oftentimes has been told  
By firesides warm and bright,  
Of the bride and groom who cast  
And that fatal wedding night.

I go to school; my teacher's name is  
Cora Emerson; it keeps four weeks  
longer. I am a girl 15 years old. I guess  
this is all for this time. Yours truly,  
West Selwyn, MINNIE L. GRAY.

Dear Editor: I thought I would write  
again. I like  
Farmer very much. My school is almost  
done. I'm glad that summer is coming  
so I can play out of doors when it is  
warm. I will send some poetry:

**Hymn by J. G. Whittier.**

None in all the world before  
Were ever glad as we  
Were free on Carolina's shore,  
Were all at home and free.

Thou Friend and helper of the poor,  
Who suffered and who died,  
To open every prison door,  
And every eye to break!

Bend low Thy pitying face and mild,  
And tell us of Thy love and prayer,  
The hand that feeds the little child,  
Will shield us night and day.

We hear no more the driver's horn,  
No more the whip we fear,  
This holy day that Thy love born,  
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greenest clad,  
The waters brighter smile;  
O never slumber day or night,  
On sweet St. Helen's Isle.

We praise Thee in our songs to-day,  
For Thine in prayer we call,  
Make swift the road straight the way  
Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord!  
Come walking on the sea!  
And let the multitude hear the word  
That sets the land free.

**Skotchegon.**—EMMA R. BRADG.

Dear Young Friends: I have written  
once before for the Farmer, and will  
now try again. I am 17 years of age. I  
am attending school at the Thornton  
Academy. I am a girl 15 years old. I  
guess this is all for this time. Yours  
truly, one-half from where I live. This is  
my first year, and am very much attached  
to my school. For studies I take ancient  
history, algebra and commercial arith-  
metic. But I am glad to get a little  
rest, and a half longer, as I am quite  
weary of going. I will close by sending  
a conundrum: When is a young man  
green? and also another. What kind of  
sawing should a carpenter do? I think  
this will do for now. I have no hope  
to hear from some of the young folks,  
who are interested in this column.

I remain your friend,  
Saco, Box 325, FLORENCE MILLS.

Dear Boys and Girls: This is the  
second time I have written for the  
Farmer. I love to read the young folks'  
column. I go to school at the Thornton  
Academy. I am a girl 15 years old. I  
guess this is all for this time. Yours  
truly, one-half from where I live. This is  
my first year, and am very much attached  
to my school. For studies I take ancient



# Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by  
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AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1896.

TERMS.  
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WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF  
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-  
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-  
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.  
Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling  
upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.  
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our  
subscribers in Hancock county.

The Senate passed the river and har-  
bor bill over the President's veto, and it  
is now a law. Only five Senators voted  
against the measure.

For the first time in the history of the  
Pacific Northwest, a Populist has been  
sent to the lower House of Congress.  
Oregon supplies him. His name is  
Vanderburg of Marshfield, Coos county.

Colorado talks for silver, but goes on  
digging for gold with a degree of en-  
thusiasm that is worth more to the State than any-  
thing else that has operated in its favor  
for many years.

The plant of the Portsmouth company  
at South Berwick is soon to be started  
up in full after a shut-down of two  
years, parties in that vicinity having  
leased the mills for the purpose of man-  
ufacturing fine dress goods. This is  
good news to people in that vicinity.

Fish Commissioner Carleton, recently  
appointed to that responsible position,  
seems to be showing his credentials in a  
most effective manner. He is after the  
poachers with a sharp stick, and they are  
fast becoming convinced that the fish  
and game laws of the State are loaded!

The houses of the people are becoming  
regulated after the serious house-  
cleaning epidemic. The motto, "God  
Bless our Home," after standing bottom  
side up among the debris, has been  
brushed and polished and hung upon  
the walls again.

We have received from George A.  
Wheeler, chairman of the committee of  
arrangements, a cordial invitation to  
participate in the one-hundredth anni-  
versary of the incorporation of the town of  
Castine, which occurs on the 9th of  
July. It will be a grand event in the  
history of the old town.

The Maine Central for the present  
month will be a fine number to circulate  
at the great political convention in St.  
Louis. Besides the best of illustrations,  
it has a running history and description of  
the State of Maine. How eagerly it will  
be seized upon by the visitors at the great  
Western city.

Our correspondent, Mr. H. G. Abbott  
of Vassalboro, has sent us the picture of  
a horse of his own invention, which  
he has used for four years with the best  
results, as his neighbors will testify. It  
is the attachment that he claims, which  
can be connected with any old horse  
cultivator costing only about a dollar,  
and doing the work of twenty men, and  
not a weed escapes it if the weeds are  
kept down in season. Two inches, or  
less, is deep enough. A patent is ap-  
plied for.

The foreign office at Berlin has issued  
a communication to the press in regard  
to the malpractices indulged in by the  
American tinners in Belgium and  
Holland, who are alleged to be tampering  
with the cans and sending to  
Germany under forged declarations,  
meats not certified to by American in-  
spectors. As a consequence of this prac-  
tice, restrictions are ordered which affect  
all American exporters of meats. The  
Deutsche Fleischer Zeitung makes a  
vicious attack upon the American lard  
product, which, the paper asserts, is re-  
fined chiefly with cotton seed oil.

The recent death of George W. Latimer  
of Lynn, Mass., vividly recalls the days  
of slavery. He was the first fugitive  
slave hunted down in Massachusetts,  
his arrest and incarceration taking place  
in 1842. The case aroused the latent  
anti-slavery sentiment of the State, and  
it was brought to fever heat upon the  
arrest and return to slavery of Anthony  
Burns, a few years later. Lynn and  
Salem were centers of this righteous  
feeling, and afterward became important  
stations of the "underground railroad"  
to Canada, by which many dusky fugi-  
tives were spirited away.

Atwood Davis, the well known crop  
statistician, declares that the current re-  
ports that the world is full of wheat and  
that Europe will produce this year 100  
millions of bushels more than in 1895, is  
absurd. He sums up the present condi-  
tions as follows: Drought has prevailed  
to a damaging extent in Western Central  
Europe except in Belgium and France.  
Russia's spring wheat will not be a full  
crop. India's wheat crop will be deficient  
one-third. The South African crop is  
but half what it was last year. North  
Africa was visited with a destructive  
drought. The South American crop is  
below last year's average. Canada's  
crop is poor, with a reduced acreage,  
and in the United States, except in the  
Pacific Coast States, there is a great de-  
cline in the conditions of wheat.

On Saturday the Portland Daily Press  
published a very creditable Pine Tree  
State edition, the preparation of which  
has been in hand for some time. In its  
pages we find a very complete showing  
of the varied business interests of Maine  
and the brilliant record made by her  
sons in national affairs. The general  
survey of Maine's resources has been  
prepared by gentlemen eminently qual-  
ified for the task, who have given it great  
care and attention. Maine's magnificent  
water power, its exceptional opportuni-  
ties for manufacturing, its picturesque  
scenery, its splendid summer climate,  
and the numerous attractions it offers  
to the sportsman and tourist are set  
forth and portrayed with much com-  
pleteness.

## BLEEDING ARMENIA.

The following facts are a few from the  
thousands established by incontroverti-  
ble evidence, and confirmed by blue  
books, consular reports and unimpeach-  
able testimony of eye witnesses, notwith-  
standing the unspeakable shame that  
those who were so brave as to testify in  
the face of almost certain imprisonment,  
torture and death, to these terrible truths,  
before European and Turkish consuls  
and commissions were decreed by "The  
Great Powers" and left defenceless to be  
imprisoned, tortured and put to death by  
every device which demons incarnate  
could contrive, while the "Christian"  
nations looked on in criminal acquies-  
cence, reading the bloodiest, blackest  
record that has ever blotched the pages of  
human history, in guilty silence. Truly,  
no pencil could picture, no pen could  
depict, no tongue could tell the terrible  
details of these awful tragedies of modern  
martyrdom.

A scene at Sassoun which gives us a  
glimpse of that awful carnival of cruelty  
shows the soldiers drunken with their  
bloody debauch, betting on how many  
helpless Christian children they could  
kill at one stroke of the sword.

"I bet you tahireks I can cut clean  
through the necks of four Christian pup-  
pies at one stroke of my scimitar," cried  
one.

"Done," shouted a crowd of Turkish  
regulars, as they snatched four tender  
children from the arms of their frantic  
mothers, and bound them amid heart-  
rending screams, one neck above another.

The brave Turk, who had made the  
bet, touched the neck of the nearest babe  
with his steel, to measure his stroke.  
His bright scimitar flashed for an instant  
above them, then four little lifeless forms  
quivered in the blood-stained dust, before  
their mothers' eyes, to whom such a  
death itself would have been most un-  
speakably more merciful than such an  
agonizing sight.

Turkish soldiers took delight in placing  
long lines of Christian children in files  
to be fired at as targets, to see how many  
little helpless, homeless, hungry inno-  
cents they could kill or wound, or cripple  
for life with one cruel shot, while others  
were torn apart by their limbs, and others  
had their jaws wrenched asunder, and  
still others were held up by their hair to  
be decapitated or deformed for life, be-  
fore their broken-hearted mothers.

In another place the most attractive  
women of the place were promised to be  
spared if they would deny their faith,  
but pointing to the dead bodies of their  
fathers, husbands and brothers before  
them, they replied:

"Why should we deny Christ? We are  
no better than they! Kill us, too!"  
So they shared the same shameful fate  
of thousands of Christian women and  
girls of Armenia.

Their natural defenders having been  
treacherously disarmed by the Imperial  
Government in preparation for this  
wholesale robbery, outrage and slaugh-  
ter, Christian women and children were  
hunted like wild beasts, after the loss of  
their fathers, husbands and brothers, to  
be turned over by thousands in obedience  
to Imperial orders, to serve the brutal  
lust of their Mohammedan persecutors  
till they were tired of them, when those  
who had survived were hacked to death  
by swords and bayonets, or left to linger  
and die.

Bands of hundreds of starving, nearly  
naked, terrorized women, whose hus-  
bands, fathers and brothers had been  
imprisoned or slaughtered, and homes  
destroyed, sought mercy of commanding  
officers of troops of the Sultan in vain.  
In answer to their tears and entreaties,  
they were ordered to be outraged and  
then butchered in droves, by the demons  
who had defiled them, when wearied of  
their fearful debauch.

One band of brave women, worthy of  
the admiration of the whole world, had  
defended their little ones, their lives,  
and their honor, day and night till over-  
whelmed by numbers, when, with their  
babe upon their backs, and their chil-  
dren by their sides in the fight, finding  
themselves surrounded, cut off from all  
possible chance of escape, they followed  
their heroic leader, as she plunged over  
a precipice, with her babe in her arms,  
to be dashed to death.

Silently the children followed their  
mothers like lambs to the slaughter, till  
the deep ravine was so filled with the  
dying and the dead, that the last to leap  
fell unhurt upon the living and lifeless  
forms beneath them.

About 150 women and children were  
taken alive, but they bore their torture  
bravely, and no amount of agony could  
compel them to deny their faith or be-  
tray their friends, faithful through un-  
told tortures and agony, even unto death.  
Thousands of Christian villages were  
surrounded, without warning, by soldiers  
and Kurds, and literally wiped off of the  
face of the earth by the most infernal  
floods of fire imaginable. After all the  
resources of robbery, rapine, outrage and  
torture had been exhausted, prisoners,  
pleading for mercy, having been killed  
or crippled, were bound and piled be-  
neath layers of brushwood, saturated  
with kerosene, the whole being fired,  
and living and dead cremated together.  
But why go on with the narrative of  
facts too terrible to tell? The history  
of the world has never seen anything  
like it.

We referred last week, to the probable  
fatal illness of Prof. Rodney Welch, at  
Chicago. Prof. Welch died the next  
day, and has now collected these "children of  
his brain," and put them in neat book form,  
which is sold for 50 cents a copy. Dr.  
Jones was born in China, in this country,  
the son of the late Rev. Eli Jones, the  
well known Quaker preacher and evan-  
gelist. The author's address is 84 Fair  
street, Paterson, N. J.

Three boys at Rockland, with ages  
ranging from 12 to 17 years, had formed  
themselves into a band of regular desper-  
adoes, breaking open houses, and steal-  
ing everything they could lay their  
hands to. They were armed with loaded  
revolvers, and were under instruction  
from their leader to shoot on the least  
provocation. They were arrested, and  
made full confession. They had planned  
an extensive campaign. It is said that  
cigarettes and dime novels are responsi-  
ble for the boys' crime.

The McKinley forces are marching  
on to St. Louis, confident of victory.  
They predict the nomination of their  
favorite on the first ballot.

## THE CANTONS.

Success of the Maine Division, Patriarchs  
Militant, Field Day, at Rockland, June 9, 4  
and 5.

Wednesday.

Every business block in the city and  
hundreds of residences were alive with  
decorations, flags and bunting, Wednes-  
day night. The streets were thronged  
with uniformed men, members of the  
many cantons of the State who were to at-  
tend the annual field day of the Patri-  
archs Militant.

The Gardner Canton arrived on the  
noon train and the Skowhegan Chevaliers  
on the afternoon. The steamer Cimbra  
from Bangor arrived at 7:30 P. M., bring-  
ing members from Bangor, Houlton,  
Canton Warbosso of Fort Fairfield, Can-  
ton Columbia of Presque Isle, Canton  
Pallas of Belfast, Canton Halifax of  
Waterville, and the Houlton, Fort Fair-  
field and Belfast bands.

They were met at the wharf by Canton  
Lafayette and escorted to Odd Fellows'  
Hall.

The annual meeting of the Department  
Council was held, Wednesday evening, at  
Odd Fellows' Hall. The election of offi-  
cers resulted as follows: President, Gen.  
J. L. Small of Biddeford; Vice Presi-  
dent, Col. E. W. Berry of Rockland; As-  
sistant Adjutant General, Maj. C. L.  
Bachelder of Saco; Treasurer, Major G.  
N. Weymouth of Biddeford.

It was voted to hold the next Council  
meeting and Field Day in Skowhegan,  
Canton Somerset, on the second  
Wednesday and Thursday in June, 1897.

Thursday.

At 10 o'clock the Cantons already ar-  
rived, marched from Canton Lafayette  
Hall to the depot, and on arrival of the  
10:40 train the procession was formed as  
follows:

Platoon of Police; Brig. Gen. Jos. H.  
Small, Department Commander of Maine  
and Staff; Belfast Band; First Regiment,  
Canton Worumbe, Lewiston; Canton J.  
H. Dearborn, Biddeford.

Second Division—Col. E. W. Berry and  
Staff of Field Officers; First Battalion,  
Rockport Band; Canton Belfast, Canton  
Bangor, Canton Lafayette of Rockland,  
Canton Vinalhaven.

Second Battalion—Houlton Band; Can-  
ton Augusta, Canton Evergreen of Gard-  
ner, Canton Halifax of Waterville, Can-  
ton Somerset of Skowhegan.

Third Battalion—Fort Fairfield Band,  
Canton Calais, Canton Wabisco, Canton  
Columbia, Canton Houlton, Mayor and  
Members of the City government in Car-  
riages.

After marching through the principal  
streets, the Cantons embarked at 1 on a  
special steamer for Crescent beach, where  
a fish dinner was served. There were  
nearly 500 men in line.

The grand ball given in Elmwood Hall,  
in the evening, by Canton Lafayette, was  
one of the most brilliant social events  
ever held in Rockland. Over 100 couples  
were on the floor.

Death of Tobias Lord.

We are pained to record the suicide of  
Hon. Tobias Lord of Steep Falls, Stand-  
ish, that occurred in that town, Monday.  
He was a leading and respected citizen  
of the town, but we understand that  
late he had lost in several branches of  
business, and that had so weighed upon  
his mind as to make him insane. On  
Monday, it was determined to take him  
to the Insane Hospital, and just as he  
was about to start for the train, Mr.  
Lord went to a chamber and shot him-  
self in the head, dying shortly after. Mr.  
Lord had prepared for his end. He left  
a note to his wife. It was written on an  
envelope and told where some of his  
papers could be found. The pistol had  
been hidden when Mr. Lord's mental  
condition became such as to give his  
friends anxiety. When and how he found  
it, is not known. It is believed that  
knowing he was to be taken to the  
asylum, he had made up his mind to end  
his life.

Mr. Lord was the youngest son of the  
late Hon. Tobias Lord, and was born in  
Standish in 1846. He received a good  
common school and academic educa-  
tion, and at the age of 16 was appointed  
clerk in the post office, and afterward  
bureau in Washington. After one year  
he resigned and became clerk for his  
father, who was in the lumber business,  
and carried on a general store at Steep  
Falls. In 1875, he succeeded to the man-  
agement of the store and has since car-  
ried on.

Mr. Lord was an influential republican  
and represented the district of Standish  
and Biddeford in the legislature of 1889-90.  
In 1881-82 and 1883-84 he was a member  
of the State Senate. He was also a mem-  
ber of Governor Barlow's council in 1888-89.  
Mr. Lord was a member of the Masons  
and had reached the 32nd degree. He was  
also a prominent member of the Knights  
of Pythias. He was a man of strict in-  
tegrity and great ability and persever-  
ance.

Again an attempt is to be made to es-  
tablish a creamery in Augusta, Mr.  
Frederick Cony and Mr. A. W. Brooks  
being at the head of the movement.  
The "Cushoon Creamery" as it will be  
called, will aim to give the public not  
quantity but quality, and hope in this  
way to be able to pay the farmers more  
for their cream than they could obtain  
elsewhere. Several large contracts have  
already been made which assures the  
success of this company, and from the  
present indications it will put into cir-  
culation at least \$60,000 a year among  
our farmers. The location of the build-  
ing will be announced at another time,  
after the details are arranged.

Our readers will pleasantly remember  
the poems we have published at differ-  
ent times from the ready pen of Dr. E.  
G. Jones of Paterson, N. J. They have  
been read with the greatest interest by  
our readers, not because they have been  
up to the sublime measures of Long-  
fellow, but because they have heart and  
fellow feeling in them. The Doctor has  
now collected these "children of his brain,"  
which is sold for 50 cents a copy. Dr.  
Jones was born in China, in this country,  
the son of the late Rev. Eli Jones, the  
well known Quaker preacher and evan-  
gelist. The author's address is 84 Fair  
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revolvers, and were under instruction  
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provocation. They were arrested, and  
made full confession. They had planned  
an extensive campaign. It is said that  
cigarettes and dime novels are responsi-  
ble for the boys' crime.

The McKinley forces are marching  
on to St. Louis, confident of victory.  
They predict the nomination of their  
favorite on the first ballot.

## Dead, to all Intents and Purposes.

Lorenzo D. McKinley, one of the best  
known farmers of Sedgely county, Ohio,  
an Andrew Jackson Democrat, and a  
member of the Sedgely county jury com-  
mission, has issued the following notice:  
"The funeral sermon of the undersigned  
will be preached at Fallen Timber on  
Sunday, June 21, at 2:30 P. M. L. D.  
McKinley."

"I am not doing this for fun," said  
Mr. McKinley. "The Bible says that  
the days of man are threescore and ten  
years. I have always said that if I lived  
to be 80 years old I would consider my-  
self dead, and a funeral would naturally  
follow."

"I will be 80 years old on June 17, and  
will have my funeral sermon preached  
by Rev. Forest E. Evans of Pride, Ross  
county, on the first Sunday following.  
Any time I may live after June 17 I shall  
not consider as mine. It will only be  
borrowed time."

Mr. McKinley is a well preserved old  
man, and would easily pass for 60. His  
wife died about 10 years ago. It must  
be exceedingly pleasant to hear one's  
own funeral discourse.

## Down With the Bars!

We are much pleased at the second  
communication in the *Daily Journal*,  
from Mr. Frank A. Small, on the subject  
of the public library in this city. Mr.  
Small is a self-made man, who values  
good books and all the helps to a suc-  
cessful life, and speaking for the people  
(and we have no doubt they are with  
him) he is conscious of what their needs  
demand, and the spirit and purposes of  
a free public library. There is no sense  
in shutting out the people of Augusta  
from the best part of the library build-  
ing, or a selection of books by their own  
hands. They can be trusted. They are  
not going to steal the books. Take down  
the bars, gentlemen Trustees, and let the  
people have the full benefit of the  
library. We have heard the remark  
made that *scholars* have no difficulty  
in getting the books they desire. That may  
be true. But this free public library is not  
for scholars, and those trained in the  
classics, but for the people at large, for  
those learners who by the right use of  
the library may some day become  
scholars.

## Twentieth Maine Reunion.

The Lincoln County News says: The  
reunion of the survivors of the Twentieth  
Maine Regiment will be held this sum-  
mer in Waldoboro village. The precise  
date has not been fixed, but it is prob-  
able that the executive committee will  
decide on a day about the middle of  
August. The reunions of this well  
known regiment have always been very  
successful, and it is expected that the  
meeting in Waldoboro will be larger  
than any previous reunion for the reason  
that three companies, E. I. and G.  
were enlisted in Knox and Lincoln coun-  
ties, and nearly a hundred survivors re-  
side near enough to Waldoboro to drive  
here in two hours. Besides there will  
be the usual attendance of comrades  
from all parts of Maine and the other  
New England States.

## Colby Commencement.

The following is the commencement  
programme at Colby:

Sunday, June 28—Baccalaureate sermon by  
ex-Fredrick Henry E. Robbins, D. D., of Roch-  
ester, N. Y., at 10:30 A. M., at the Baptist  
church. The library at Colby, under the  
management of the Rev. Dr. Robbins, is  
one of the best in the State.

Monday, June 29—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the juniors class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Junior  
exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Tuesday, June 30—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the seniors class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Senior  
exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Wednesday, July 1—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Thursday, July 2—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Friday, July 3—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Saturday, July 4—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Sunday, July 5—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Monday, July 6—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Tuesday, July 7—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Wednesday, July 8—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Thursday, July 9—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Friday, July 10—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Saturday, July 11—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Sunday, July 12—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Monday, July 13—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Tuesday, July 14—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Wednesday, July 15—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Thursday, July 16—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Friday, July 17—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Saturday, July 18—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Sunday, July 19—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Monday, July 20—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Tuesday, July 21—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Wednesday, July 22—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

Thursday, July 23—Commencement day exer-  
cises by the graduates class at 10 A. M., on the  
campus at Memorial Hall at 3:30 P. M. Grad-  
uates exercises at 7:30 P. M. in the church. An-  
nual meeting of the board of trustees at  
Chapman Hall at 7:30 P. M.

## CITY NEWS.

John Condon, a mill hand, and Fred  
E. Stevens, a farm hand, both of this  
city, have gone into insolvency.

The Augusta Safe Deposit and Trust  
Co. has voted to close its bank at 12:30  
on Saturdays during the summer months.  
—It has been fully decided to wind up  
the Fourth of July celebration with a  
grand ball at City Hall.

—Young man, don't enter the saloon.  
It is the gateway of death, and leads  
down, down, down.

—Ab















